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AURENCE OLIPHANT:

SUPPLEMENTARY
CONTRIBUTIONS TO HIS BIOGRAPHY

BY

CHARLES NEWTON SCOTT,

AUTHOR OF

"THE FOREGLEAMS OF CHRISTIANITY."

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The Age of Marie Antoinette,

A SKETCH OF THE PERIOD OF EUROPEAN REVIVAL

WHICH CLAIMS AMONG ITS REPRESENTATIVES

GOETHE, PRUDHON, GAINSBOROUGH, and MOZART.

TWO SHILLINGS.

"A contemporaneous history of the art, literature, and ethics of the eighteenth century in Europe is the subject of this scholarly work, to which is added an appendix explanatory of the furniture, china, and marbles, belonging to the Louis XVI. period, which have been bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Jones and stored in the Museum at South Kensington."—VANITY FAIR, *January 25, 1890.*

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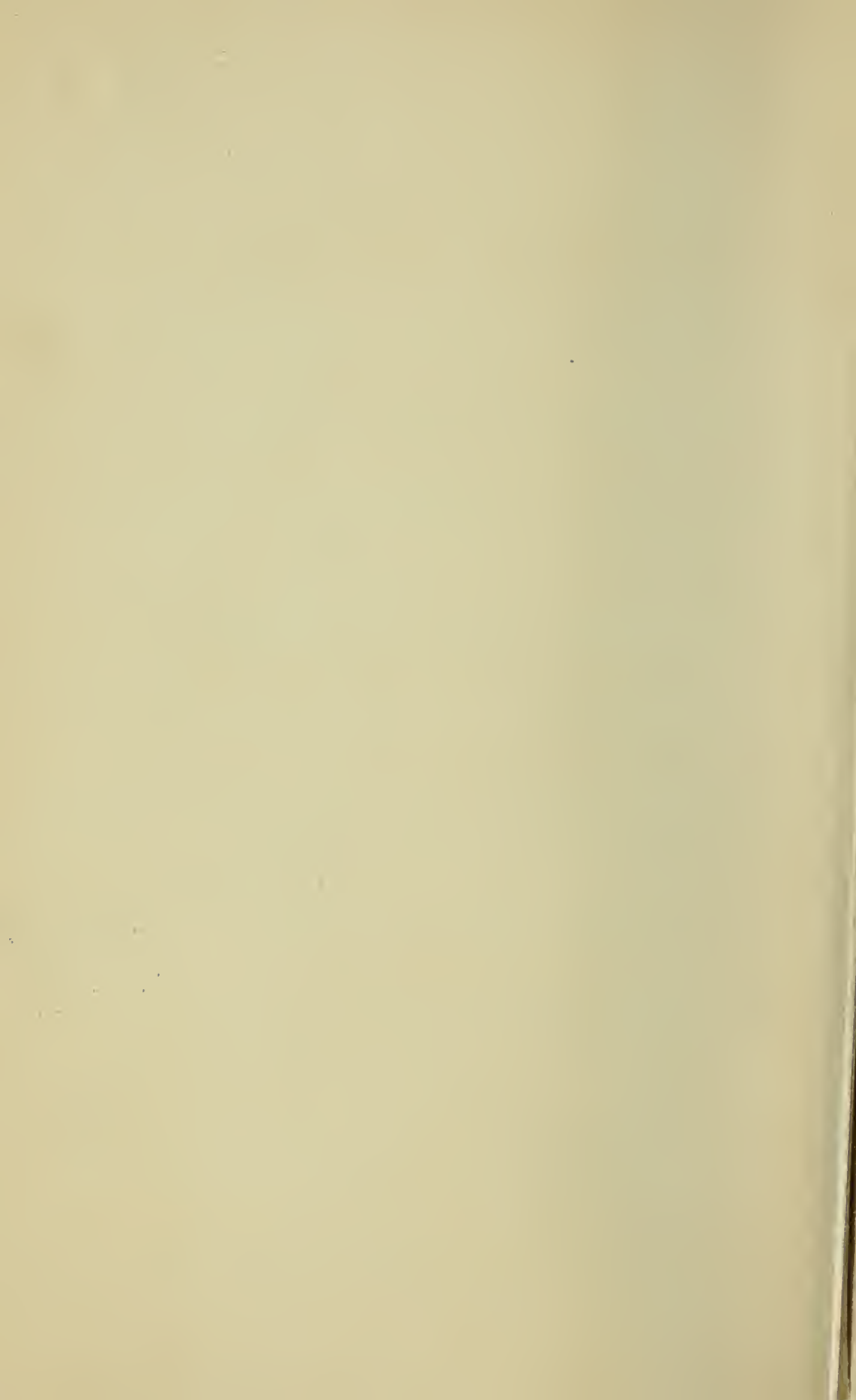
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FOR THE PSYCHOLOGICAL INTEREST OF THEIR SUBJECT,

TO

“ASHFORD OWEN”

I BEG TO DEDICATE THESE FEW PAGES,

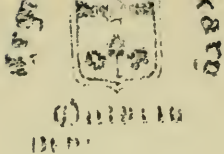
REMEMBERING HOW MUCH

A LOST LOVE

HAS OWED ITS SUCCESS TO

PSYCHOLOGICAL DEPTH AND DELICACY.





LAURENCE OLIPHANT:
SUPPLEMENTARY
CONTRIBUTIONS TO HIS BIOGRAPHY.



TO all who cherish the revered memory of Laurence and Alice Oliphant, it cannot but be a matter of rejoicing that their biography* was undertaken by one so singularly well fitted for the task as their namesake, the gifted and large minded authoress of *The Chronicles of Carlingford* and of *Francis of Assisi*. As however Mrs. (Margaret O. W.) Oliphant's *Memoir* is not exhaustive, and its subject is so interesting, I venture to supply a few *paralipomena*, some of which I dare say she would have

* See Appendix, I.

found a place for, had they been known to her before the work in question was published ; and I am particularly moved to do this by her confession to having but little knowledge of the somewhat supernatural-seeming personage who played a no less important part in the story of Oliphant than the Ghost in Hamlet's. I propose therefore, after, 1°, parading a few personal reminiscences by way of not uncalled-for introduction, to state, 2°, what Oliphant told *me*, especially about Thomas Lake Harris, and, 3°, what I can say myself about some of the latter's very remarkable writings, which, strangely enough, the authoress of the *Memoir* has all but ignored.

I.

OLIPHANT was Correspondent of the *Times* in Paris, when, in the Winter or Spring of 1872, I had the honour of making his and his mother's acquaintance, probably at the house of Mrs. Wynne Finch, his future

mother-in-law. This graceful and accomplished lady, whose death in 1892 left a real void in the society both of London and Paris, had, at that time, her Paris *salon* in the Champs Elysées quarter, and, although her youngest son, now so distinguished as an Orientalist, was then a little boy, it had in those days the attraction of her second husband, most amiable of hosts, and of the two charming sisters, Misses Alice and Ada Le Strange.* Of these, the younger, whose bright earthly existence was, alas, to be so short, if far less ideally beautiful than the future Mrs. Oliphant, was hardly her inferior either in intelligence or in attractiveness. Among the pleasant evenings I have spent at Mrs. Wynne Finch's receptions, I particularly remember one taken up by charades confined exclusively and most happily to scenes from Shakespeare, and I was greatly struck, as I believe was all the company, by Miss Alice Le Strange's impersonation of Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene.

* See Appendix, II.

I remember, too, hearing that Carlyle was the favourite author of the elder sister, while the younger was very much taken with a far less spiritualistic thinker. But, if I did come to know this, it was because I professed to be particularly interested in philosophical studies, for there was nothing at all "blue" about either of them; and to me they both seemed to enjoy greatly their elegant worldly life in Paris, and nothing more than the skating at Longchamps. And, if it had also chanced to come to my hearing that the faith of both sisters in the Christian revelation was suspected of having been more or less shaken by their studies, I am almost certain that I used to see them attend regularly, before he left Paris in 1870, the church of the late Rev. Archer Gurney, a high churchman and broad thinker (less frequent combination 25 years ago than at present), whose pastorate in Paris was a memorable one, and I have little doubt that through his earnest eloquence in the pulpit some of the good

seed was sown which struck root in such good soil.

As I was but a raw young fellow, it may well be asked how I could have come, on very short acquaintance, to be on quite intimate terms with a man so celebrated and sought after as Oliphant. For, if intimacy of a kind is not uncommon between heroes and their worshippers, it happened, rather singularly, that at this time I knew too little of his past career (the most brilliant features of which he characteristically spoke about as little as possible) to be as much impressed as I should of course otherwise have been by the privilege of knowing such a real hero. But his indifference, apparently quite unconscious, to the place he was entitled to in society, whether as a lion or as the charming humourist that he was, made him of very easy access to anyone who had anything to wish to learn from him, and there was a subject of conversation which could hardly fail to draw us together, the writings, to wit, of Thomas Lake Harris, some of which

I had chanced to meet with, not long before this time. I noticed, however, that he did not conceal a certain contempt for what I was most inclined myself to idolize,—scholarship and the like,—though such was the geniality of the man known to be the same welcome guest at Sandringham and in a log-house,—a geniality half of humour and half of kindness,—that contempt could not possibly be less unpleasantly expressed. I noticed, too, that he showed but slight acquaintance with history, except that of his own time, at any rate with ecclesiastical history, and I still attribute to this the fact, that he claimed originality for all the ascetic discipline and mysticism of his “Brotherhood.” But he listened with interest when I told him what I had been reading about the Franciscans and their “third” or secular order, which in its day, was so happy and important an innovation.

After that season in Paris, I only had the good fortune of meeting Oliphant at rare intervals, but I used to hear of him through

Mrs. Wynne Finch, who, with opinions differing so widely from his, always spoke of him to me in terms no less of affection than admiration, in fact, as mothers-in-law rarely speak of their sons-in-law.

I remember too how much, only a few months before his death, he contributed to the animation of an evening reception of a particularly pleasant cosmopolitan *salon*, the Countess Krosnowska's, whither he had come with his friend, Charles Yriarte, the celebrated art-critic and historian. And it was during this, I believe his last, visit to Paris, that meeting by chance out of doors, we stopped for a chat. As I had just been reading *La France juive*, I was curious to hear something about his work at Haifa, which he told me had been stopped by the Sultan, on account of a prediction alarming the Moslem world, and he admitted that, in promoting a return of the Jews to Asia, he would not be deserving ill of Europe. I was also anxious to seize this opportunity to talk to him of something particularly



interesting to myself,—the crusade against the atrocities that are committed in the name of Science ; and I was not of course surprised to find that, although declaring himself to be too absorbed by work already undertaken for an active part in the movement, he was quite friendly to a cause the opponents of which appeal for support to all that is most degraded and vile in human nature.

II.

AMONG Oliphant's answers in 1872 to my enquiries, I think the following are more or less worthy of record :—

That he believed in no God but the Lord Jesus Christ (meaning to imply the Swedenborgian Sabellianism) ; and, if for ought he knew, the Deity's Incarnation in Palestine might not have been the only one, and if, not *impossibly*, the Buddha Gautama might have been one, no other had been revealed

to him, Laurence Oliphant, than that of the Gospels.

That there was much he did not agree with in St. Paul's "correspondence" (the not very injurious term quoted with evident relish, as quite a hit (!), from, I believe, some infidel writer).*

That affections are everything and theories nothing for the foundation of true religion.

That there was now-a-days no oracle (I forget if he used the *term* "oracle") in any religious body but Harris's "Brotherhood of the New Life"; that such an oracle could not be claimed by any Church whose ministers would, in time of war, bless the banners on either side, without being able to discern where the right lay, or, in similar blindness, would bless a marriage that had not been made in Heaven.

* St. Paul's Epistles are not regarded by Swedenborgians as having an inner or occult sense, and the only books of the New Testament that they hold to be canonical on account of such a sense are the four Gospels and the Apocalypse.

That the "Brotherhood of the New Life" was a true Christian Church, because it was in true and direct communication with the Deity; that it did not seek to make proselytes, though all were welcome who cared to join it; that everyone who did join it was allowed to retain his own opinions and beliefs as long as he chose, though all the brethren, the great variety of their antecedents and race notwithstanding, who had been members for some time were in perfect communion of thought as well as of feeling.*

That the Brotherhood's chief was in such a *rapport* (I think but am not sure that that was his own term for the relation) with its members, that he suffered physical pain when any one of them became a backslider, in whatever parts of the world they might severally happen to be at the time; that the brethren were kept at head-quarters

* "When people feel the same love," says Oliphant's mouth-piece in *Altiora Peto* (Vol. II., p. 131), "never fear but they'll feel the same truth."

only until they were known to be cured of the particular sin, whatever it might be, which in each one of us is the root of every other sin, just as one is kept at a hydrotherapeutic establishment only until one is cured of some bodily disease ; that a result in himself of the " new life " was that, if he went to a public place of amusement, except from a professional motive, he felt a pain, I think he said, in his throat.

That he knew of, and, I think, had seen, curious specimens of Harris's ministry as an exorcist,—for instance, a struggle between him and an evil spirit which was drawn from the patient by the exorcist unto his own body, and having been expelled therefrom only to regain its old quarters, kept springing from the one to the other, until it was at last sufficiently overpowered to be expelled altogether.

That there was the same kind of differences between Harris's commentary on the Apocalypse and Swedenborg's as there would be between the accounts of the

same journey by two travellers,—for instance, of the same tour in America by Dickens and by Tennyson.

That great happiness, and morality too, have resulted in the East from the caste-system, as he had seen it in India and practically in Japan; that he regarded the latter, as it still remained when he was a diplomatist there, under its *ancien régime*, as the happiest country in the world; that modern democracy was a disastrous aberration, so that the real party of progress was now-a-days that which strove to upset it.

III.

MRS. (M. O. W.) OLIPHANT writes of Harris :*—

“I am myself very slow to believe in systematic imposture, and think it very unlikely to affect seriously any man or woman with ordinary capacities of judgment; and in the present case the persons affected were of more than ordinary capacity.”

* See Appendix, III.

And again :—

“I do not feel it necessary to believe that Harris
“was a man of evil purpose or bad motives. Laurence,
“even in the sharp revulsion of his after-enlighten-
“ment, never believed that this was the case in these
“earlier years. At all events, at the beginning the
“companionship of this man was not vulgar magic,
“but full of human charm and attractiveness, as well
“as of assumed authority and guidance from heaven.”

But, nevertheless, the impression she leaves on her readers is, that Oliphant's rare and noble mind needs no little apology for his attitude towards his *guru*, through whom such a message from above as “Live the Life” had penetrated into the disciple's inmost heart, and not, as the lessons of so many masters, merely into his understanding. It is therefore, I contend, for the sake of Oliphant's memory as well as of Harris's, that nothing should be neglected to show that the latter was anything but a charlatan or adventurer when they first met ; for, whatever Harris became afterwards, if he was really so much to blame as appeared on the surface, should surprise no one who believes that St.



Paul was not trifling when he wrote of his fear lest, having preached to others, he should himself become a cast-away.

That a man of Oliphant's ability and worth should have been set to the hardest agricultural labour, and generally to a very ascetic discipline by his spiritual director, was calculated to give no small scandal, not only to the confessedly worldly, but also to so-called Christian circles where it is too often forgotten that Christianity is (as Carlyle in his turn has defined it) "the religion of the Cross ;" but it ought not to surprise any Christian who is familiar with passages in the lives of the Saints such as that of the great theologian St. Bonaventura, the "*doctor seraphicus*," being found cleaning up the dishes in the kitchen of his convent, when a prelate with a splendid retinue arrived to announce to him his nomination as Cardinal.

It is, however, of Harris only as a writer that I can speak ; though I do not think that Oliphant attached much importance to his master's eminence in style, and that is pro-

bably why of Harris's numerous writings Mrs. (M. O. W.) Oliphant came through her kinsman to be acquainted only with certain "shabby little volumes of sermons and addresses," which however she admits to "seem full of lofty enthusiasm and the warmest Christian feeling." *

Now there is at least one volume of Harris, *A Lyric of the Golden Age* (Partridge and Brittan, New York, 1856), which contains passages of such literary merit that I cannot understand how it comes that its author is little, if at all, known to the literary world, though I admit that, like most other remarkable volumes of verse, its contents are far from being of equal value.

This, at any rate, is what William Howitt, a writer of no mean standing and remarkably conscientious, says of it in his *History of the Supernatural* :—

"In his earlier spiritual inspirations Harris became
"a poetic medium, and dictated whole epics, under the

* I believe that almost all of Harris's works can be obtained from Thomson & Co., formerly of Glasgow, and now of Mollinsburn, Airdrie, Lanarkshire. They used also to be found in England, at Swedenborgian book-sellers.

“supposed influence of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Pollock,
 “&c. Whoever were the poetic spirits who inspired
 “these poems, they are specimens of poetry of the
 “highest order. Speaking of the ‘Lyric of the Golden
 “Age,’ Mr. Brittan, the publisher, says, and not more
 “eulogistically than justly, ‘this lyric has scarcely less
 “than Miltonic grandeur. The descriptive parts are
 “wonderful as illustrations of the compass of our lan-
 “guage. It would severely tax the capabilities of the
 “most gifted mind to coin its phraseology alone, which,
 “however, is neither strained nor far fetched, but
 “natural, flowing, and melodious as a valley brook.’”*

But let my readers judge from the following specimens—I admit among the best—especially if they will not mind reading them aloud; recitation of course being to verse almost what execution is to music.

I cannot better begin than with the first lines of the poem :—

“As many ages as it took to form
 “The world it takes to form the human race.
 “Humanity was injured in its birth,
 “And its existence in the past has been
 “That of a suffering infant. God, through Christ
 “Appearing, healed that sickness, pouring down

* Vol II., pp. 207-8.

"Interior life ; so Christ our Lord became
 "The second Adam, through whom all shall live.
 "This is our faith.—The world shall yet become
 "The home of that great second Adam's seed.
 "Christ-forms, both male and female, who from Him
 "Derive their ever-growing perfectness,
 "Eventually shall possess the earth
 "And speak the rhythmic language of the skies,
 "And mightier miracles than His perform ;
 "They shall remove all sickness from the race,
 "Cast out all devils from the Church and State,
 "And hurl into Oblivion's hollow sea
 "The mountains of depravity. Then earth,
 "From the Antarctic to the Arctic pole,
 "Shall blush with flowers ; the isles and continents
 "Teem with harmonic forms of bird and beast
 "And fruit ; and glorious shapes of Art, more fair
 "Than man's imagination yet conceived,
 "Adorn the stately temples of a new
 "Divine Religion. Every human soul,
 "A second Adam or a second Eve,
 "Shall dwell with its pure counterpart, conjoined
 "In sacramental marriage of the heart.
 "God shall be everywhere, and not, as now,
 "Guessed at, but apprehended, felt and known."

* * * *

The lyrical grace and feeling for Nature that characterize my next extract will not

charm less for having a prototype in a well-beloved song of Shakespeare's, indeed the same as have Tennyson's two songs of "The Owl."

"When swelling buds their sheaths forsake—

"Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—

"And yellow daffodils awake,

"The virgin Spring is fair to see.

"When streams through banks of daisies run—

"Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—

"And sky-larks hymn the rising sun,

"Spring holds her court in grove and lea.

"When cowslips load with sweets the air—

"Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—

"Spring braids with flowers her golden hair

"And bids the mating birds agree."

Now for a fragment of declamation which of course must be read aloud to be fully appreciated :—

"Give honour to the ancient Sages, men

"Who feared not Truth because of novelty,

"Who feared not truth because of heresy.

"For truth they lived and toiled and died below,

"And, crowned and robed with its illustrious beams,

"They share its joy and victory in the skies.

"Honor their memories, they who greatly dared
 "Because they greatly loved, who held the world
 "Compared with truth and its eternal law,
 "Dust in the balance and a little thing."

* * * *

But perhaps the most telling passage in the volume is the following, in the description of a Palace of Culture :—

"Fill the grand halls with statues of old time.
 "Let Gods and Demi-gods and Heroes range
 "With Goddesses and Graces. Let the Saints
 "And Seers and Sages, and the valiant throng
 "Of modern Heroes, and the ever young
 "And ever tuneful Poets of all climes
 "And Hierophants of all religions have
 "Their place among them, some in silver carved,
 "Some in the Parian marble, some in gold ;
 "Each symbolizing that interior truth
 "Or outward use he lived, taught, acted, sung,
 "Or sought to live, or act, or sing, that men,
 "Fired by that pure ideal, might become
 "Gods, and the Earth a new born Paradise.
 "Gather all books within its Libraries.
 "Bid Greece awake through all her words of fire,
 "And Athens wear her violet crown again,
 "And the seven cities plead for Homer dead.
 "Let Marathon and Salamis come forth,
 "Leuctra and Thermopylæ, with all

"The hosts who flung their free lives on the pile
 "Of patriotic virtue, or who cast
 "The gage of battle to unnumbered foes,
 "And then redeemed it, giving to the earth
 "Their dust, their lives to the great mother-land,
 "Their Spirits to the Hero-halls above.
 "Chant thou thy Epic, Homer, tell the tale
 "Of Troy to modern hearts of living men.
 "Bid India from her Sanscrit speak ; let all
 "The Vedas wide unroll their parchment gates.
 "Gather the wisdom of the Pyramids,
 "The secrets that Egyptian Hierophants
 "Practiced in crypts and caverns, which they veiled
 "In many a rite and symbol—none forget.
 "Let every Nation's mind unfold its thought,
 "And every Sage depict the starry scheme ;
 "And every Hero tell how once he died ;
 "And every Poet sing, while Nature smiles
 "To find her buried Eras bloom anew.
 "Forget not thine own time ; give ample place
 "To wisdom showered from heaven, renewing earth.
 "Let Dante sing from out his Middle Age ;
 "And Machiavelli, with his subtle skill
 "Unvail the craft of Tyrants ; nor forget
 "The richly flowered muse of Camoens ;
 "Or love-lays born of Europe's loyal heart,
 "Chanted by Troubadours in sweet Provence.
 "Let manly Chaucer tread his pilgrim round ;
 "And Spenser preach of heavenly chastity ;

" Let Herbert almost like an Angel sing ;
 " And Shakspeare in one panoramic scene
 " Reveal life's actual drama, clothing all
 " His varied forms with living flesh and blood,
 " Giving to each a true authentic heart,
 " Whose arteries and veins run warm with love.
 " Let the blind Psalmist of the Commonwealth,
 " Who looked with inward sight where burns the sun
 " Of spirit-light o'er Eden of old time,
 " In classic English utter all his thought.
 " Let Byron pour from out his burning mind
 " The seething torrents of unresting soul,
 " The passion-dreams of a wild fevered heart,
 " A world of rebel Genii, sin-accursed,
 " Yet aching, hungering for Divinity.
 " Let Keats, the child Adonis, stand beside
 " The waking figures of his Grecian urn,
 " Interpreting the meaning of all tears
 " Shed by the Graces in enamored dreams,
 " Or smiles that drop from out the Sun-god's eyes,
 " When Morn is on the mountains and the stars
 " Close their white buds and grow invisible.
 " Let the lost Pleiad, Chatterton, attune
 " His harp in that bright brotherhood of song ;
 " Let Wordsworth dream of Heaven amid his hills ;
 " And Coleridge stir the heart as with a trump
 " Blown by a young Archangel ; nor forget
 " The living in thy reverence for the dead.
 " Make wide Valhalla for the better gods

"Than Thor and Odin, giants of young time,
 "Thy master-singers, Germany, whose names
 "Shall brighten like their fame till round the world
 "The rainbow of their living thought hath grown."

* * * *

It will be noticed that the last-quoted passage is, as many others in the volume, more like the enthusiasm of a Humanist than of the austere preacher we would expect to find him who made his gifted disciple forsake all things to follow Christ.

The religious element is even more subdued, at any rate on the surface, in *A Lyric of the Morning Land*, from which poem, indited a few months earlier, and with perhaps more claim to the title of "Lyric," than its almost epic successor; I cull the following specimens, though I do not claim for them quite the same literary value as for my extracts from *A Lyric of the Golden Age*.

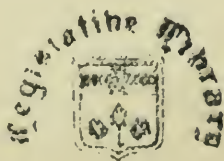
"Echo, Echo, thou dost hide
 "In the mountain coverts dim,
 "Where the spotted fauns abide,
 "And the wood-birds chant their hymn.

" There a sylvan sprite shouldst be,
 " Dwelling with they sisters three—
 " Mild and melancholy Night,
 " Glad and sparkling Morning Light,
 " Evening Lustre calmly bright.

" Echo, Echo, thou dost dwell
 " In some shady woodbine dell,
 " Where the strawberry, luscious-sweet,
 " Tinges red thy whitest feet,
 " And the tendrils of the vine
 " Round thy temples twine and twine.

" Echo, Echo, wake, I pray,
 " Wave the drowsy sleep away ;
 " I would chant a mellow strain
 " For thy lips to breathe again,
 " Where the wood-birds brood and haunt,
 " Where the young fauns throb and pant,
 " Where the cowslips feed the bees,
 " Where the leafy forest seas
 " Wave and ripple in the sun,
 " Reaching t'ward the horizon.

" Wake sweet wood-nymphs, Light and Shade—
 " One a dusky Indian Maid,
 " One a white-browed Sylph, with eyes
 " Clear as May-dew, when it lies
 " Sparkling in the violet's ear,



"Fairy diamond in its sphere.
 "Ye who run your cheerful race
 "With the Seasons, as they pace,
 "And the golden-footed Days,
 "O'er the grand Titanian ways—
 "Light and Shadow, twins divine,
 "Nursed at either breast of Time :
 "Light that hides with laughing lips
 "In the glowing Sun's eclipse ;
 "Shade that wings herself away
 "In the yellow blooms of day :
 "Come, sweet Spirits, ye shall be
 "Crowned with roses preciously."

* * * *

"THE SONG OF THE SUN.

"I am a Spirit ; over me
 "Bends the white Heaven, one and three ;
 "I am an Angel, and my face
 "Illuminates material space ;
 "I am a Seraph, and I wove
 "Creation with my heart of love ;
 "Soul, Spirit, Glory, three in one,
 "I reign and rule, and am the Sun.
 "Three heavens within my splendour lie ;
 "Three separate spheres of earth and sky ;
 "Three separate landscapes deck my globe,
 "And three-fold shines my radiant robe."

* * * *

I fancy however that Oliphant was but slightly acquainted with these two poems or had not been much impressed by them. At any rate, the only *poem* of Harris's that he used to speak to me about with enthusiasm was *The Great Republic, a Poem of the Sun*, in which I can find nothing whatever to my own taste ; but its dedication, "To the Brotherhood of the New Life, in Europe, Asia, and America," is an earnest of contents not destined for the profane, to whom one could only dare recommend it as a soporific.

Of Harris's prose (none of which, I believe, was dictated, as his verse, in a state of trance) I will offer some specimens, illustrating part of his doctrine, from *The Breath of God in Man*,* of which Mrs. (M. O. W.) Oliphant was not, she tells us, able to procure a copy.

"Without a true priesthood there is no organized religion ; without a true philosophership, no corres-

* *The Breath of God in Man : an Essay on the Grounds and Evidences of universal Religion*, New York and London : Brotherhood of the New Life, 1867.

“ponding culture ; without a true heroship or king-
“ship, no harmonious, humane Society.”

* * * *

“As the ancients fabled that it was death for a
“mortal to see a god, so it is death, either most cruel
“and fatal or most sublime and consummate, for the
“man of genius, of culture, of affection, of attainment
“and a recognised position, to embrace the breath
“of God.”

* * * *

“Either the breath of God must be taken with
“all its consequences, or thrust back with all its con-
“sequences.”

* * * *

“Through the abuses of ecclesiastical and political
“government, the noble sentiment of loyalty has
“withered from the breast. Obligated to become pro-
“testants, radicals, democrats, spiritually and socially,
“from a stern regard for the preservation of our
“inalienable rights, the freedom of conscience, the
“integrity of reason, the harmony of the affections, it
“is difficult for men at first to recognise truths of equal
“sacredness ; hierarchy, subordination, superiority,
“class and rank and grade.”

* * * *

“One wonders at the fact that Spiritists, as a
“class, reject not alone the Divine Humanity, but also
“the doctrine of moral freedom and responsibility.”

. . . "With a few exceptions the truth is, that they
 "are, as a body, inhabited by the spirits of the cruci-
 "fiers, whose name is legion, and who diligently search
 "throughout the whole earth to discover upon what
 "brows the star of Christ begins to beam. Their motto
 "is 'Kill without mercy.'"

* * * *

"It is only when the individual is elevated to a
 "mental and moral superiority above his creed, that it
 "becomes an absolute injury to him."

* * * *

"Hypocrisy is the last prostitution of humanity.
 "So long as the soul really possesses a religious hatred
 "of this vice, there is one solid point in it which may
 "serve as a fulcrum for the Divine moral lever."

* * * *

"That theory which teaches that vice is the rudi-
 "mental form of virtue, and that the difference be-
 "tween the Christ and the pirate is one of mere pro-
 "gression, works gradually upon the mind and heart
 "with the baleful enchantments of Circe, who trans-
 "formed her votaries into swine. In the ratio in
 "which any sect approaches this error, it divorces
 "itself from Heaven, and connects itself with Hell.
 "This is the only faith on earth that teaches an abso-
 "lute infernalism ; it is pandemonium in disguise."

* * * *

“The more numerous class of Spiritists make; “theoretically, reason and nature the test of truth; “but, underlying the statement, is the assumption “that the reason which ignores the radical distinctions “of good and evil is the true reason, and the world in “which depravities have made the history of humanity “a long abomination is a normal, healthful world. It “assumes first what it cannot prove, and second what “is utterly repugnant to the purified and quickened “heart.”

* * * *

In *The Mission of the New Church, and how it is to be accomplished*, a sermon published in 1863, which is directed against the claim of the so-called “New Jerusalem Church” to be the sole or specially privileged depository of Swedenborg’s teaching, there is a definition which seems to me too precious to be passed unnoticed, if it is really as original as Harris evidently believed it to be. Rejecting as most pernicious both the opposed doctrines of Justification by faith *

* “By faith,” that is, as Luther understood the word *πίστις*, restricting it to *trust*, so as to build upon it his doctrine of *imputation*, the doctrine that the “new man” can only be outside and not within the converted soul. This is no doubt the equivalent of *πίστις* in

and of Justification by works, he proclaims as the one thing needful "a Justification through charity combined with its own appropriate faith," or, as he also expresses it, "Justification by charity in unison with its own true faith."

These, as most other, works of Harris teem with diatribes against every interpretation of Christianity but his own, though, when one has succeeded in mastering the phraseology of the latter, one finds almost invariably that, whether true or false the doctrine, it is chiefly the phraseology, after all, that is new.

There is, however, one *opusculum* of his, a sermon on *Modern Spiritualism*,* which

St. James, but not (the language then of Christian theology not being yet of course stereotyped) as it is generally used in the New Testament, especially in St. Paul, where it is an aspect of St. John's ἀγάπη; and hence the *apparent* disagreement between the two Apostles.

The *Divine* quality of "Faith," in its Pauline sense,—"the operation by which God thinks the world into existence," as stated in *Heb. xi.*, 3 (when read with the restored proper punctuation), should be studied in Mr. H. H. Jeaffreson's grand work on *The Divine Unity and Trinity*.

* Sold now by Thomson & Co. at 6d.

I should like to see widely circulated, not merely because it happens to contain little or nothing at variance with those precious doctrines of "the faith once delivered to the saints" which have not failed *in our own days* to produce Gordons and Father Damiens, but also because I have found it useful for persons in danger of possession by evil spirits, as all are who, whatever their motive, seek through more or less physical means intercourse with the invisible world.

But alas for Harris, that he found it harder to be wise for himself than for others, that he deemed innocuous to himself what he so severely taboo'd to his followers! For thus, I think, we can account for the great change in him that led to the rupture, so disastrous to his reputation, with Laurence and Alice Oliphant.



Appendix.

I.

For those who have not read Mrs. (M. O. W.) Oliphant's *Memoir*, I copy from *Men of the Time*, edition of 1884, the article on her kinsman, though what it tells of him is necessarily but the barest skeleton of his biography.

"OLIPHANT, LAURENCE, son of the late Sir "Anthony Oliphant, C.B., for many years Chief "Justice of Ceylon, born in 1829, was intended for the "law, but visited India whilst very young, and accompanied Jung Bahadoor to the Nepaulese Court. An "account of this visit he published under the title of 'A "Journey to Katmandhu.' Returning to England, he "was admitted a member of the Scottish bar, and was "afterwards called to the English bar at Lincoln's Inn. "In 1852 he travelled through a great part of Russia, "as far as the Crimea, an account of which tour he published in 1853, under the title of 'The Russian Shores "of the Black Sea.' He became private secretary to "the late Earl of Elgin, then Governor-General of "Canada, and in 1855 published under the title of "'*Minesota and the Far West*,' a narrative of his



"wanderings in Canada and the United States. 'The
 "Coming Campaign,' a work on the war with Russia,
 "appeared soon after ; and having accompanied Omer
 "Pasha in some of his expeditions, he published, in
 "1856, '*The Transcaucasian Campaign under Omer*
 "*Pasha*,' a personal narrative. He accompanied the
 "late Lord Elgin as private secretary and historio-
 "grapher on his special embassy to China in 1857, and
 "in 1860 published 'A Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's
 "Mission to China and Japan, in 1857-59 ;' and 'Patriots
 "and Filibusters : Incidents of Travel.' He has been
 "a frequent contributor to periodical literature. In
 "1861, while acting as Chargé d'Affaires in Japan, he
 "was attacked and severely wounded by assassins, and
 "resigned the diplomatic service in the following year.
 "In 1865 he was returned to Parliament for the Stirling
 "burghs, and resigned his seat in 1868. He published
 "'Piccadilly : a Fragment of Contemporaneous Bio-
 "graphy,' 1870 ; 'The Land of Gilead, with Excursions
 "into the Lebanon,' 1881 ; 'Traits and Travesties,
 "Social and Political,' 1882 ; and 'Altiora Peto,' a
 "novel, 1883."

II.

For those who, like myself, attach no small impor-
 tance to the hereditary transmission of mental super-
 iority, I copy the following article on the father of Mrs.

Laurence Oliphant, by Mr. Lionel Cust, F.S.A., in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

“LE STRANGE, HENRY L'ESTRANGE STYLE-
 “MAN (1815-1862), art amateur and decorative painter,
 “born on 25 Jan. 1815, was only son of Henry
 “Styleman of Snettisham and Hunstanton, Norfolk, by
 “Emilia, daughter of Benjamin Preedy, his wife. His
 “father was grandson of Nicholas Styleman, who
 “married Armine, elder daughter of Sir Nicholas
 “L'Estrange, fourth baronet, and coheiress of her
 “brother, Sir Henry L'Estrange, sixth baronet, of Hun-
 “stanton [see under L'ESTRANGE, SIR NICHOLAS].
 “Styleman was educated at Eton and at Christ Church,
 “Oxford (B.A. 1837), and on leaving Oxford travelled
 “in Portugal, Spain and Egypt. In 1839 he assumed
 “by Royal licence the old family name of Le Strange,
 “in addition to that of Styleman, and in the same year
 “married Jamesina Joyce Ellen, daughter of John
 “Stewart of Belladrum, Inverness-shire. In 1839 also
 “he was declared by the House of Lords coheir of the
 “barony of Camoys, and in 1841 coheir to that of
 “Hastings. In 1847 he made an unsuccessful attempt
 “to enter Parliament for West Norfolk. Styleman le
 “Strange was an amateur of art and practised painting.
 “In 1853 he drew a design for the decoration of the
 “tower of Ely Cathedral, which was accepted in 1854,
 “and completed by him in 1855. In July 1856 he was
 “invited by the dean and chapter to give a design for

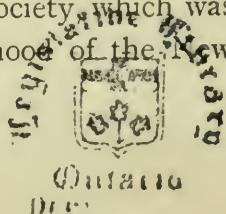
"the decoration of the roof of the nave. After two
 "years' research and study Le Strange commenced
 "painting the roof in 1858, and worked at it for four
 "years. In 1860 he was invited to co-operate with Mr.
 "Butterfield, the architect, in the decoration of St.
 "Alban's, Holborn, and spent two years in making and
 "completing the cartoons for this work. In February
 "1862 he was nominated a member of the royal com-
 "mission appointed to examine into the state of fresco-
 "painting in England. Le Strange died suddenly of
 "heart disease in London on 27 July 1862, and was
 "buried at Hunstanton. He had only completed h
 "the length of the roof in Ely Cathedral, and his designs
 "for St. Alban's, Holborn, on which he had not com-
 "menced work, were carried out by his cousin, Frederick
 "Preedy. His designs were the fruits of much learned
 "study and great religious enthusiasm. He left three
 "sons and three daughters. Of the latter Alice was
 "married to Laurence Oliphant [q. v.]. A portrait of
 "Le Strange is at Hunstanton."

III.

I copy the article on Harris from *Appleton's Cyclo-
 pædia of American Biography* (1887), though unable
 to guarantee the accuracy in every detail, and strongly
 objecting to the writer's use of the term "spiritualist,"

evidently not in its proper sense, which would be too general for his purpose, but for *spiritist*.

"HARRIS, THOMAS LAKE, spiritualist, b. in
 "Fenny Stratford, England, 15 May, 1823. He came
 "with his father to the United States, settled in Utica,
 "N. Y., and began to write for the press before his
 "seventeenth year, soon acquiring some celebrity as a
 "poet. He renounced Calvinism in early manhood,
 "and, entering the ministry of the Universalist church,
 "removed to New York, becoming pastor of the 4th
 "Universalist society. Failing health compelled him to
 "resign this charge, and in the next year he organized
 "an 'Independent Christian Society,' to which he minis-
 "tered until the spiritualistic movement of 1850. He
 "then joined a community at Mountain Cove, Va., and
 "after a few months of investigation declared himself a
 "convert to the new faith, and entered on a lecturing
 "tour throughout the United States. On his return to
 "New York he organized a society, and established a
 "spiritualistic journal. He went to Great Britain in
 "1858, and lectured in London, Edinburgh, Manchester,
 "and Glasgow, returning with a few enthusiasts who
 "participated in his views, and retired to a farm in
 "Dutchess County, N. Y. As the community increased,
 "he purchased small farms near the village of Amenia,
 "established a national bank, engaged in milling and
 "other business, and reorganized the society, which was
 "henceforth known as the 'Brotherhood of the New



"Life.' He went to Europe in its interests in 1866, and
 "the next year removed to Portland, N. Y., where he
 "purchased large farms. No property was held in
 "common, but members of the society were permitted to
 "hold real estate, and cultivate it on their own account.
 "The authority of the Scriptures and the marriage
 "relations were held sacred, there was no written creed
 "or form of government, and the system appeared to
 "combine the doctrines of Plato in philosophy, Sweden-
 "borg in spiritual science, and Fourier in sociology. It
 "numbered more than 2,000 members, some residents
 "of the community, and other (*sic*) citizens of foreign
 "nations. At one time Lady Oliphant and her son,
 "Lawrence Oliphant, several Japanese high in official
 "rank, and two Indian princes were residents of this
 "community. Several years ago it was abandoned by
 "Mr. Harris, who went to California, and his lands
 "were purchased by Mr. Oliphant. Mr. Harris edited
 "a spiritualistic journal for some time, entitled 'The
 "Herald of Light,' and has published, among numerous
 "poetical and prose works descriptive of his philosophy,
 "'The Epic of the Starry Heavens' (New York, 1854);
 "'Modern Spiritualism' (1856); 'A Lyric of the Morn-
 "ing Land' (1854); 'A Lyric of the Golden Age' (1856);
 "'Truth and Life in Jesus' (1860); and 'The Millen-
 "nium Age' (1861)."

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the attention it deserves, we just note the subjects of the chapters." "For English readers we know of no better guide to the subject with which it deals, and venture to hope that the author may be induced to follow up a line of study for which he is so well prepared."—CHURCH TIMES, *December 27, 1878.*

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